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"Mandarins don't rise from the dead, and a man can't kill another by simply lifting his finger. So my philosopher talked like one who knows nothing of moral experience. If the fancy of an unreal crime almost drove me mad, what must be the remorse of an actual criminal?"

The same evening Felix ordered post horses and set out for France.

Some months later, Monsieur Montmorot, chevalier of the legion of honor, gave a grand dinner to celebrate his daughter's betrothal with the Marquis Felix d'Aubremel, one of the noblest names in France, as he styled it. The contract settling a part of his fortune on his daughter Ernestine was signed at nine in the evening. The Monday following the pair presented themselves before the civil officials to solemnize their marriage by due legal ceremonies.

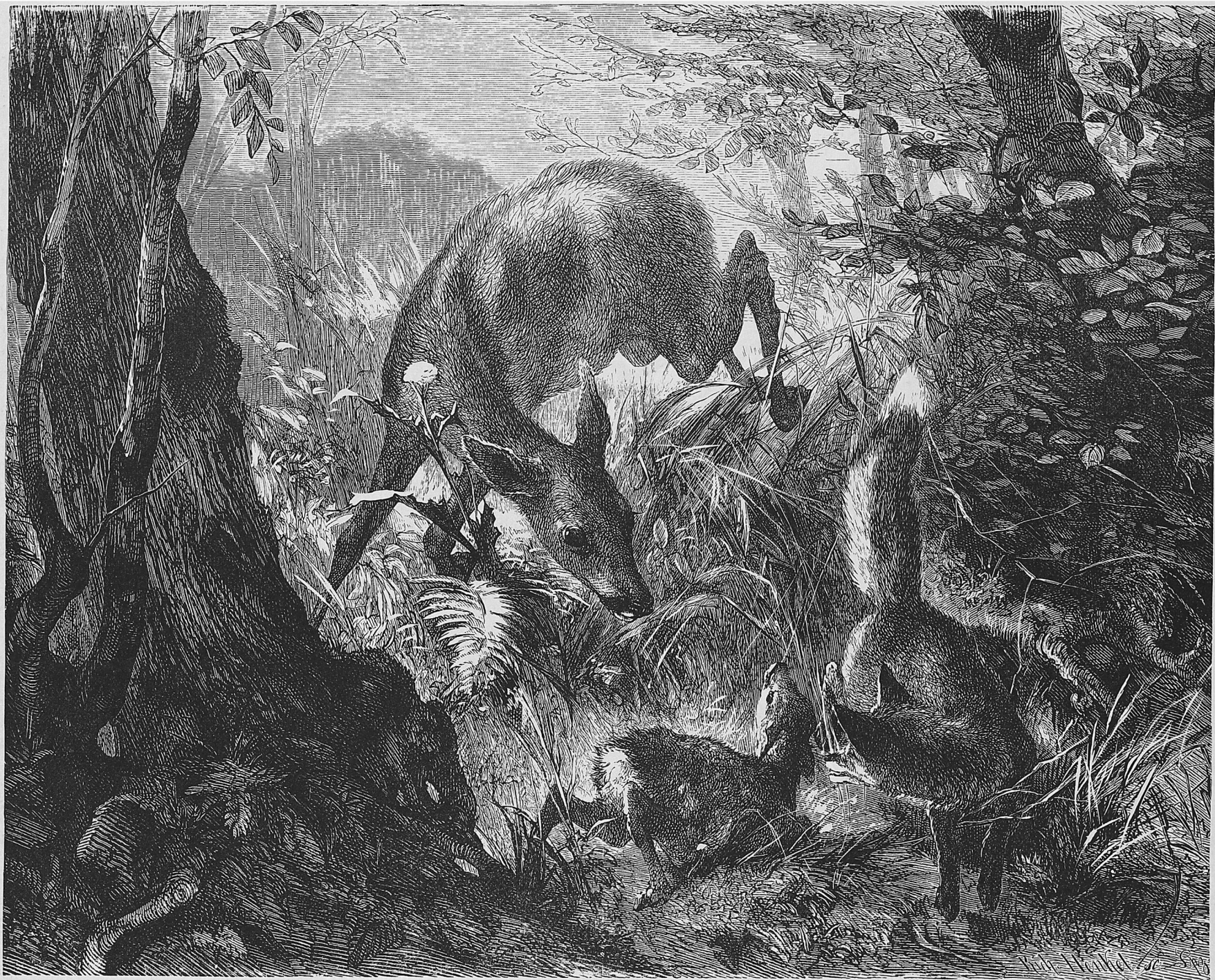
him down till night—a sort of dull torpor of brain, with utter exhaustion of physical strength—a misery of formless thought. Towards evening one persistent idea aroused him from this strange lethargy.

"I am a cowardly murderer," he groaned. "I wished for my fellow-being's death. God punishes me—I will execute his sentence." He stretched out his hand in the dark, groping for a dagger that hung from the wall. Then a mild brightness filtered through the curtains and irradiated the bed. Felix distinctly saw the grotesque figure of Mandarin Li standing a few steps away. The shadow of death darkened his face, and without seeming movement of his lips, Felix heard these words, uttered by that shrill ringing voice so hated, now mellowed into divine music.

"Felix d'Aubremel, God does not will that you should die, and I, his servant, am sent to tell you his

could be discovered than that the gracious sovereign of the Middle Kingdom had confiscated the property of Li's family, that his wife had died of sorrow, in misery, and that his son, Li, having taken the liberty to complain of the glorious emperor's severity, suffered death by the bowstring, as is proper and reasonable in all well-governed states.

MOTHER IS HERE!—A little fawn in the clutches of a fox bleats loudly for help. The mother appears quickly on the scene, and Renard retires, foiled and chagrined at the loss of his dinner. He stays not upon the order of his going, but goes at once. The artist Deiker is a well-known German painter, whose success with these pictures of animal life ranks him with such men as Beckmann and Hammer, whose names are familiar to the friends of *THE ALDINE*.



MOTHER IS HERE!—DEIKER.

Felix, a prey to the strange hallucination that incessantly pursued him, saw a likeness between the official and the chinese figure he had awkwardly thrown down and broken one night long ago. Presently his face darkened, and his eyes began to burn. Behind the magistrate's blue spectacles he caught the gleam and roll of the tawny eyes belonging to Mr. Harrison's clerk, to Li, son of Mung, son of Tseu.

When at length the magistrate put the formal question, "Felix Etienne d'Aubremel, do you take for your wife Ernestine Juliette Montmorot," Felix heard a shrill ringing voice say, "Felix, I give you your wife with my hand—my hand."

The official repeated the question more loudly. "With my hand—my hand," whispered a thousand mocking little voices.

"No!" Felix shouted rather than answered, and rushed away from the spot like a lunatic.

Once more at home, he shut out everyone and flung himself on his bed, in a state of stupor that weighed

decree. You have been cruel and covetous—you have wished an innocent man's death, and his death caused that of a multitude of victims to the barbarous passions of a great western nation. Man's life must be sacred for every man. God only can take what he gave. Live, then, if you would not add a great crime to a great error. And if forgiveness from one dead can restore in part your strength and courage to endure, Felix, I forgive you."

The vision vanished.

Felix religiously obeyed the instructions of Li, and consecrated his life by a vow to the relief of human misery wherever he found it. He devoted Richard Malden's vast fortune to founding charitable establishments. Ernestine Montmorot would never consent to see him again.

Two years ago, yielding to an impulse easy to understand, he requested the English consul at Chiusang to make inquiries as to the family of Li, who might perhaps be suffering in poverty. Nothing more

A TROPIC FOREST.

TREES lifted to the skies their stately heads,
Tufted with verdure, like depending plumage,
O'er stems unknotted, waving to the wind:
Of these in graceful form, and simple beauty,
The fruitful cocoa and the fragrant palm
Exceeded the wilding daughters of the wood,
That stretched unwieldily their enormous arms,
Clad with luxuriant foliage, from the trunk,
Like the old eagle feathered to the heel;
While every fibre, from the lowest root
To the last leaf upon the topmost twig,
Was held by common sympathy, diffusing
Through all the complex frame unconscious life.
—Montgomery's Pelican Island.

WHAT makes us like new acquaintances is not so much any weariness of our old ones, or the pleasure of change, as disgust at not being sufficiently admired by those who know us too well, and the hope of being more so by those who do not know so much of us.—*La Rochefoucauld*.



A TROPIC FOREST.—GRANVILLE PERKINS